

**KING & KERN CANONS
AND THE GIANT FOREST
CALIFORNIA**

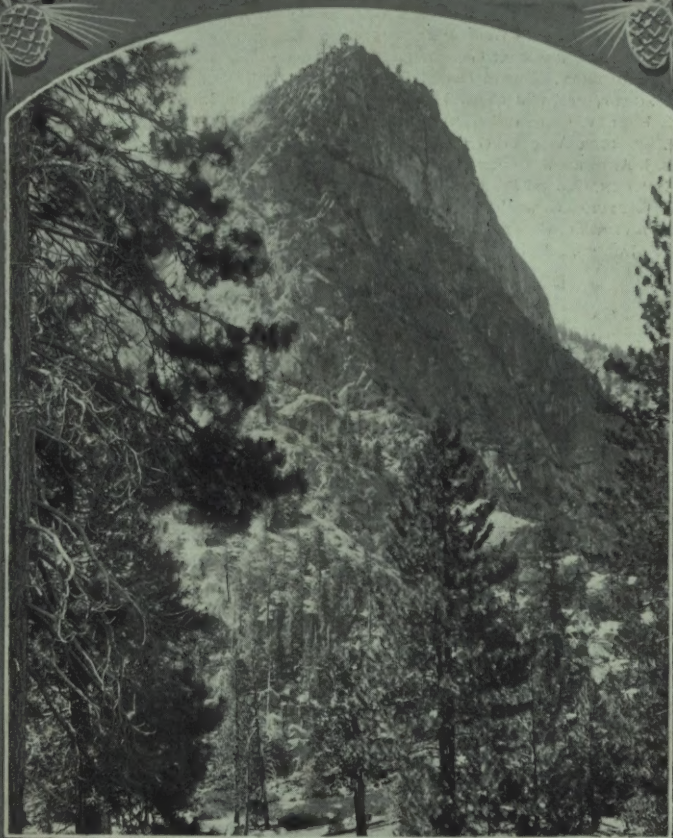
J. PAUL GETTY







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Kings and Kern Canyons and the Giant Forest of California

By A. J. WELLS



San Francisco
1907



Glacier Monument, Kings River Canyon.

KINGS RIVER CANYON

This great gorge is on the South Fork of the Kings River, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, about 100 miles southeast of Yosemite Valley. John Muir has called it "a second Yosemite," and Professor J. D. Whitney said of it that "it strongly resembles Yosemite in some of its grand features." I went to see it with some misgivings, unwilling to admit that the glorious Valley had a rival, but, climbing down the steep trail which leads to the foot of the canyon, its beauty and grandeur grew upon me, and when I had ridden to camp between its towering granite walls and beside its silvery river, I was forced to confess that Yosemite was not exceptional in its greatness. The Kings Canyon curves but little, so that the view is unobstructed, and you are reminded often of Inspiration Point. The great precipices of naked granite slope away at a high angle, and the fine wide meadows, the scattering groves of pine and cedar, the dashing and turbulent river, with dark depths and placid green pools and roaring white cascades, and the lofty and forested mountain slopes back of the canyon walls, make an impressive picture. Save in places, the walls are not so sheer and so continuous as in Yosemite, and the magnificent waterfalls are lacking, but the Canyon itself is vaster, and if the streams and falls, the canyons and mountain peaks immediately adjacent be included, the region is as interesting and attractive as Yosemite. Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, even says that Kings River Canyon "is bigger, wider, with higher walls which slope out of sight, and the mountains into which it rises are far wilder and more stupendous." And the late Dr. Joseph Le Conte said the Kings River Canyon "belongs to the same type as Yosemite, i. e., a valley with vertical walls and a flat floor, as contrasted with the usual V-shaped valleys of mountains generally. In Kings River the walls are equally high and equally vertical, and the floor similarly, though not equally flat." Elsewhere Dr. Le Conte says that "barring the wonderful waterfalls," the view from the Grand Lookout "will compare well with that of Yosemite from Inspiration Point or Eagle Point."

You approach the canyon through a wilder and more beautiful region. The scenery is a constant delight, the silent forest full of interest, and every summit as you climb out of the canyons is crowned with surprises. You are exploring; it is a new country that lies before you; you are with the first adven-



Glacier Monument.

turous party in the primeval forest, and every mile has its charm, its revelations of tree and rock, of stream and canyon, and glimpses of far-off snowy summits, over seas of verdure.

*"Effort, and expectation, and desire—
And something evermore about to be,"*

keeps you alert, sustained, unwearied, until you stand at the Grand Outlook, and the great huge canyon lies at your feet. Climbing down the three-mile zigzag trail, during which you descend 3,300 feet, you have such glimpses of the meadows, the park-like trees, the shining river and the enclosing mighty walls that you forget how rugged the trail was in absorption of the glory of the vision that opens before you.

Then the ride up the floor of the canyon—that splendid furrow plowed by the glacier—through flowers and meadows, by lines of lateral moraines, among incense cedars and sugar pines, and beside smooth, hard granite walls lifted defiantly to the heavens 3,000 to 3,500 feet high, while the river, three times the volume of the Merced, shouts as if glad of its escape into sunshine out of the dark canyons where it was born—what surprises the ride has, and what enjoyment! You must be a vet-

eran of the mountains if you can make that journey for the first time without a tumult of emotion—or a crick in your neck from looking up.

It is part of the spurious culture of today to be, or affect to be, proof against surprise, and to stifle emotion as a mark of crudeness, but happy the man who keeps fresh the founts of feeling in the presence of great Nature. He will enjoy these vast solitudes, and not be ashamed if the very greatness and splendor of what he sees wrings a cry of admiring wonder from his lips. Dr. Le Conte, critical, scholarly, inured to scenes of grandeur in the mountains, says of his experiences in this region: "The trail becomes steeper and rougher, cascades and falls more frequent and more beautiful, and the scenery grander and more impressive, until finally as we approached the summit I could not refrain from screaming with delight."

Standing on the narrow shelf at the summit of Mt. Stanford (9,175 ft.), overlooking the canyon, and 14,000 feet above the sea, Dr. Jordan once said: "I have never seen a more magnificent mountain panorama. I have seen the mountains of this continent from Alaska to Mexico, and I have tramped many mountain miles in the Alps, but such a comprehensive view of mountain masses and peaks and amphitheatres and canyons, of all the details of mountain sculpture on the tremendous scale that we are looking on now, I have never before seen."



East Lake, near Mt. Brewer.



East Vidette, Bubbs Creek.

This is the glory of the Kings River Canyon—its magnificent setting. It lies embedded in the grandest mountains—the very culminating summits of the Sierra. Here are the Californian Alps. Here, at the rim of the giant cliffs which enclose the secluded valley, the mountains may be said to begin, and they sweep upward on both sides from 7,000 to 10,000 feet above the river. The dominating peaks of the Sierra are closely clustered here, the ridges are densely forested; there are countless clear trout streams flowing through green meadows; glacial lakes, the "eyes of the landscape," are very numerous, while at the very crest of the mountain range we look over the wall into Nevada, 8,000 feet below us, but only 10 miles away. The opulent western slope takes from 60 to 70 miles to climb up 14,000 feet; the eastern rock wall plunges abruptly down with a grade of 1,000 feet to the mile.

In this region Mt. Whitney is the highest peak, 14,502 feet; but Mt. Williamson is scarcely lower (14,500 feet); Mt. Tyndall's slender summit is 14,386 feet in the air; Mt. Jordan is 14,275; the slender Milestone is about 14,000, and the great Kaweahs 13,752, while Junction Peak, Crag Ericsson, Crag Reflection, Mt. Brewer, the University of California Peak and others are only a little short of 14,000 feet. To the north,

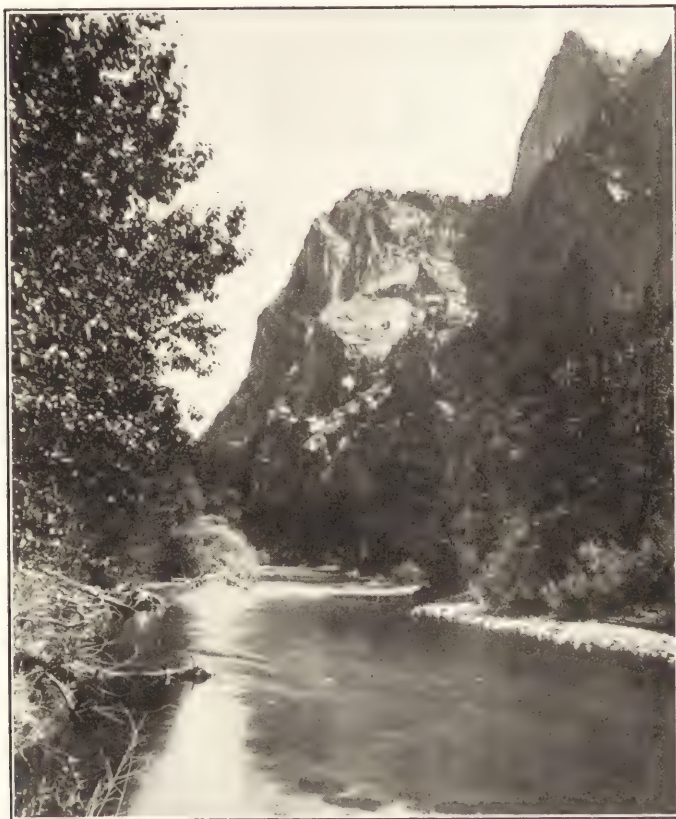
along the main crest of the range, are Striped Mountain, 13,248; Split Mountain, 14,146; Middle Palisade, 14,070; Mt. Sill, 14,198; Haeckel, 13,500; Darwin, 13,854; Humphreys, 14,055 feet, and lesser peaks below the crest. Further west are Charybdis, 13,158; Scylla, 13,018, and Mt. Goddard, 13,602 feet, and unnamed groups of peaks which no foot has climbed. It is a wilderness of lofty summits—the Alps of a region that will one day be famous.

From several of these great peaks Owens Valley, on the east of the range, can be seen, the farms appearing like squares



Grand Sentinel, Looking up Kings River.

on a checker board, and 10,000 feet below the town of Independence, Inyo County, appears in the midst of green alfalfa fields. The nearer foreground from almost any of the great summits of this region, is filled with savage chasms and a mighty array of snowy peaks and clear, emerald lakelets scattered all about, with here and there a glacier or a glacial meadow further down, and a foaming stream. The view from Alta Peak, a day's travel southward, I found full of interest, and to those who are equal to the harder climbing, the summits of Whitney or Tyndall or Mt. Stanford will show scenes of unparalleled grandeur.



Grand Sentinel, Kings River.



The Floor of the Canyon.

This, we repeat, is the setting in which Kings River Canyon is forever fixed—the scenic gold which holds the gem of the Southern Sierra. The canyon is really a valley, and impresses one as Yosemite does, at once with its beauty and its grandeur. The floor is nearly flat, sloping from the north

enough to keep the river always on the lower side. There are some detached rocks, dropped by the river of ice long ago, but for the most part the seven-mile ride up the valley shows alternate meadows and forest spread out in park-like beauty. When John Muir first saw the region, it was a vast flower garden. It is still a Garden of the Gods.

A CAMP IN THE CANYON

This camp may be your own, or it may be the one established at Copper Creek. Here Kanawyers Camp provides good meals and beds, and the two or three cabins will give you the shelter of a roof, or, if you prefer, you may occupy a tent, or put your cot out under the stars.

Over against your camp will be the Grand Sentinel, a majestic granite rock splendidly colored, and 3,500 feet high, with the river singing at its base, and the view up or down the canyon is one to stir a poet or an artist.

From Copper Creek as a base of supplies various excursions can be made, some on foot in a few hours, some on horseback requiring days. Thus you may explore the recesses of Paradise Canyon as far as Mist Falls, or visit Roaring River Pool for a delightful view and a good catch of trout. The stream in the one case tumbles over a series of inclines, and in the other excitedly plunges through an opening in the solid rock into a wide green pool. Roaring River comes into the canyon about half way from the lower end to the camp, and its course is marked on the maps, "Impassable Gorge." What Mr. Muir calls "booming cascades" must be in that gorge, a good sized river getting down over 3,000 feet without ever once being shaken "loose and free in the air to complete the glory of this grandest of Yosemitees."

PARADISE CANYON

This is made by Kings River as it comes down from the north, beating its way for miles in a chain of cascades and falls, roaring, tossing, surging, filling the canyon with its tumult. The walls rise from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, and about 8 miles up stand back and make room for charming meadows and gravelly flats. It is a place of great solitude, but the meadow, one grand waterfall and several smaller ones, makes the solitude musical.

BUBBS CREEK

Leaving Paradise Canyon on the left, we may go up Bubbs Creek for a long excursion. It is a trail often rugged, and keeps close to a creek full of big fishing pools, falls and cascades, and the music of the tumbling white torrent that has worn its way into the heart of the granite rocks. The trail leads to Kearsarge Pass, where the mighty continental divide is thrust up to an elevation of 12,056 feet at its lowest point, a score of sharp peaks cutting the sky line far above the pass, while between rush the streams or gleam the icy lakes born of storms and snows and glaciers. Vidette Meadow is a beautiful camping place overlooked by

two splendid peaks, North and South Vidette. A glorious place is Lake Bryanthus, where the mountain splendor seems to culminate. Here the view of Mt. Brewer is magnificent, while the fine outlines of East and West Videttes, the pinnacled and splintered peaks of Kearsarge, the conical and symmetrical form of University Peak, the huge bulk of Stanford, and the loftier summit of Mt. Keith, Charlotte Peak with Charlotte Lake at its foot—all are embraced in the view.

Kearsarge Pass is two miles beyond Lake Bryanthus, the highest of all the Sierra passes. It is the sharp edge of the mountain range—the rocky backbone of the Sierras, so narrow that your horse strides it standing on both sides of the range at once. It is worth the long climb to stand here on this dividing ridge and look down the steep eastern wall to where Owens Valley lies spread out like a map, while around you tower the great mountain masses with sharp peaks, the summit crests of the continent, full of an awful fascination.

TEHIPITE VALLEY

This will well repay a visit. It is on the Middle Fork of the Kings River, and the trip will require from three to five days. The valley is the Yosemite of the Middle Fork, and is about three miles long, with walls from 2,500 to 4,000 feet high. Several small cascades spring from a great height and sing and shine on the canyon walls, one seen from the front seeming a nearly continuous fall about 2,000 feet high. A grander fall is called Tehipite, and challenges instantaneous attention and admiration.



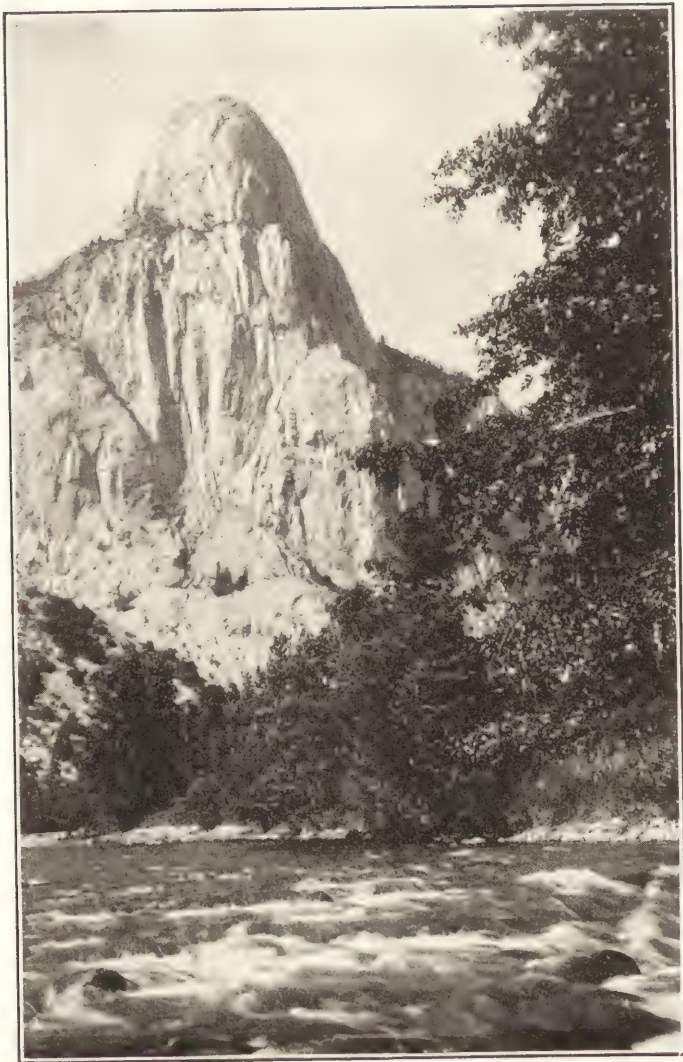
University Peak, beyond Lake Bryanthus.



Camping in Cedar Grove.

As a thing imbued with life, the sparkling water seems to hesitate at the lip of the fall 1,800 feet above you, and then, like a torrent of molten silver, plunges headlong down, flashing back the sunlight, shattered here and there into spray amid which rainbows dance, and at last, gathering its forces once more, springs to a final leap of 400 feet over a sheer precipice into a beautiful pool, fit bath for Diana and her nymphs.

The Tehipite Dome, towering above the foaming river, its truncated cone, not unlike that of Liberty Cap in the Yosemite, sparkling in the sunshine against the clear turquoise of the sky, should not be overlooked and, with the Tehipite Pinnacles, is worth traveling far to see. The reward of such a trip is not, moreover, all at the journey's end, the way leads through the everchanging, the bewildering beauties of the High Sierras, by surging streams, through shady forest groves, by rocky defile and park-like spaces where a myriad blooms gild your own and your horse's feet with pollen dust and make every breath inhaled of the fragrant upland air, a delight. There are trout to catch on the way, and the choicest of places for the noonday halt or the night encampment. The mystery of Nature seems not to awe, but welcome, as you penetrate deeper into these solitudes and learn more of her ways and wonders. Tehipite Valley itself, sunny and smiling amid its romantic setting, retains all its wild simplicity and is very beautiful.



The Tchipite Dome.

THE GIANT FOREST

The Sequoia National Park is the most extensive of the Forest Parks of California now under the protection of the United States Government. It consists of seven townships, bounded on the east by the High Sierra, on the north by Kings River, and on the south by Kern River, and it is guarded by a troop of cavalry.

Elsewhere in the State the great trees exist in detached groups or small groves, but on this lower southern slope of the range, and below its highest peaks, they are growing in true forest form, being fairly continuous over an area of 8 or 10 miles long by half as wide. This is the real Giant Forest, the only one in the world that in the fullest sense deserves the name. Yet the sequoia does not here grow apart, constituting a forest of its own; it is found among the sugar and yellow pines, the red and silver firs, and the incense cedars, and walking through the silent aisles it is a joy to come upon a family of the Sequoias, the dark cinnamon brown or red of the fluted trunks in strong contrast with the gray of the pine trunks and the green of the foliage.

From some high point on the trail you look over a sea of verdure, billowy, but silent, as the mountainous waves sink or rise with the undulations of the land, and in the vast expanse the eye quickly learns to locate the giants of the forest by their loftier stature, and the shape of the great rounded dome that swells above the green canopy, and to tell where the real forest of sequoias sweeps along ridges, rise out of the deep canyons, or camps on sunny plateaus. Mountaineers say there are more than 5,000 of these giants over 15 feet in diameter and from 200 to 300 feet high, and many thousand more of lesser girth. It is indeed a forest of giants, dispersed over many miles and sociably growing with trees of shorter pedigree and less dignity. "The king of all the conifers of the world," John Muir says, and he describes them as extending across the basins of

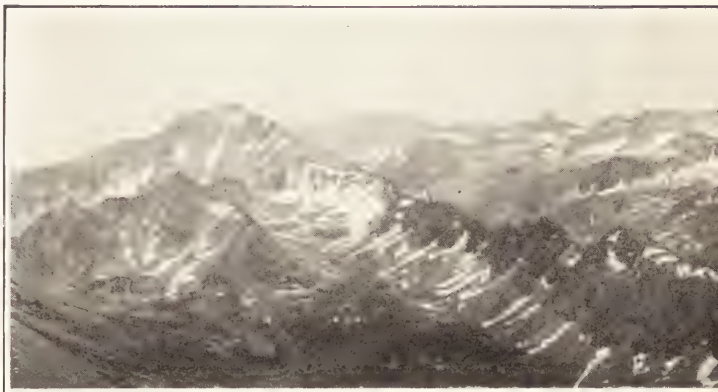


On the Trail.



General Sherman, Giant Forest.

the Kaweah and Tule Rivers in noble forests, broken only by deep canyons. "Advancing southward, the giants become more and more irrepressibly exuberant, heaving their massive crowns into the sky from every ridge and slope." It is a picture to be cherished by every lover of these great trees. If they are to survive on these sunny western mountains—if our descendants, 10,000 years hence, are to see them repeating their long history and displaying their majestic beauty on these lofty plateaus, and on the borders of these deep canyons, it will be because they are "irrepressibly exuberant" in this magnificent forest, and resow

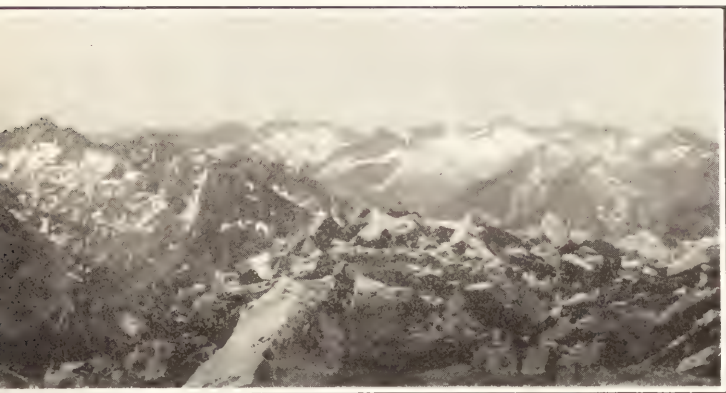


The High Sierra from Mount Rixford.

themselves in the moister shadows and in the sunny openings, the tender youngling springing up beside the venerable patriarch, and platoons of saplings crowding up the slopes which the elders have deserted. It adds to one's joy in this forest to see these young Sequoias. Professor Asa Gray looked at the giants in Calaveras Grove and said, "They will not hold their own"; but



Trout lurk in the pools and rapids of Kings River.



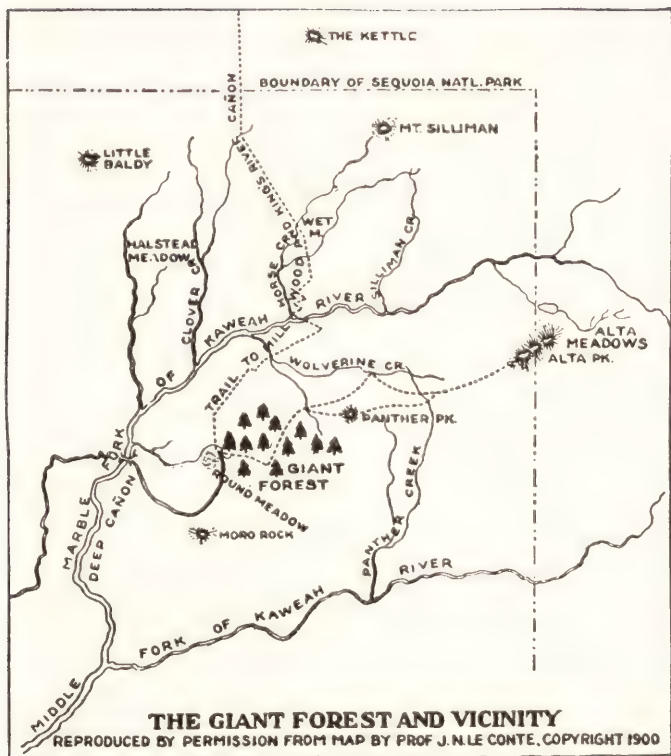
the distinguished botanist never saw the Giant Forest, nor these "plantations of God" renewing their youth over miles of splendid territory, and bidding fair for immortality here in "the most glorious and beautiful region of America," or he would not have sighed over the dearth of seedlings in the frequented and trampled grove.



The older trees impress you with a sense of personality. They are so great as at times to be oppressive, and you creep about among them as an insect. At other times they stir your reverence, and without affectation you are ready to stand bare headed before them and to abjure all shams and pretenses. They stir your imagination; you picture them dispersed, before the Age of Ice, over several continents, and after that long winter, surviving here alone on this California mountain side, and you wonder why in the Creation's scheme all the world, except California, should be left without an idea of what a tree



Road to Moro Rock, Giant Forest.



may be—how great, how beautiful and stately in form, how unexampled in duration of life, and you think of the vigorous tree by your side as alive when the Master was born in Bethlehem, as tossing its green branches in the summer air when Joseph was ruling Egypt, or exuberant with young life when Helen was carried away from Troy. The age of these trees is variously estimated at from 5,000 to 8,000 years. The average size of a full grown tree, favorably situated, is given by Mr. Muir as 275 feet high and 29 feet diameter near the ground. Specimens 25 feet in diameter, he says, are not rare, and a few are nearly 300 feet high. "The largest I have yet met in my wanderings is a majestic old monument in the Kings River forest. It is 35 feet 8 inches in diameter inside the bark, four feet from the ground." The shape of these trees is as striking

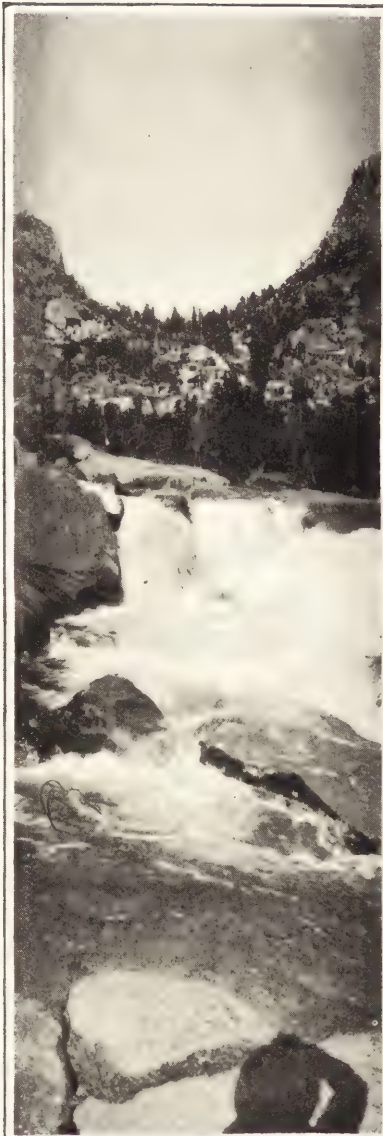


West Vidette Bubbs Creek

as their size. Look at them! What grace, what proportion, what poise! They taper slowly, and a limb rarely breaks out below 100 feet, and the great fluted pillar would adorn a temple of the gods. The instep of the tree is adjusted to its bulk, and is not excessive, and the tree stands squarely over its own center of gravity. The foliage is scanty. A tree that must lift its



In the Giant Forest.



Mist Falls.



Roaring River Falls.

head 300—in a few cases 325 and even 375—feet in the air, and wrestle with the storms of 5,000 years, cannot carry full sail. The root system is not extensive, and does not penetrate deeply. It is not sufficient to account for the wonderful growth of the tree, which is believed to feed upon the air through the papery lamination of its bark. The bark is often thick, but excessively so only in the case of a few trees. I have met one familiar with the Giant Forest who thinks that a distinct variety of the *Sequoia* bears thick bark, and of many examined I have found none where the bark approximated two feet. A large proportion show bark but five or six inches thick. The specimens exhibited in curio stores are exceptional. The sequoia's cousin, or nearest relative, is the *S. sempervirens* or redwood of the Coast. A tree of more distant kinship is the swamp cypress of the Southern Atlantic Coast, itself also a survival of the glacial age, and the only other surviving relative is the *Glyptostrobus* of China, a modified form of the cypress (*taxodium*).

It is not easy to account for the survival of the Big Trees on this western slope of the Sierras, but this is certain: they are connoisseurs of climate, and grow where it is neither cold nor hot, but in a mid-region, where sunshine is abundant, but tempered by elevation, and where the cold of winter is modified by proximity to the valley, and where the snow when it falls is both mantle and moisture. You can confidently make a summer camp where the sequoia grows, for the climate is simply ideal, while the forest is open and sunny, never damp or with a musty odor of decay. It is a country fashioned so magnificently, painted so vividly, watered so abundantly, its scenery so commanding and beautiful, its primeval fastnesses so little disturbed, and its climate so nearly perfect, as to make it an ideal place for a vacation for those who enjoy nature in her own wild gardens. The whole region—the canyon and the forest—is destined to become as famous in its way as the better known Yosemite Valley, with a wider range of interesting points accessible from a central camp.



Sunrise on Bryanthus Lake.

THE CAMP IN THE FOREST

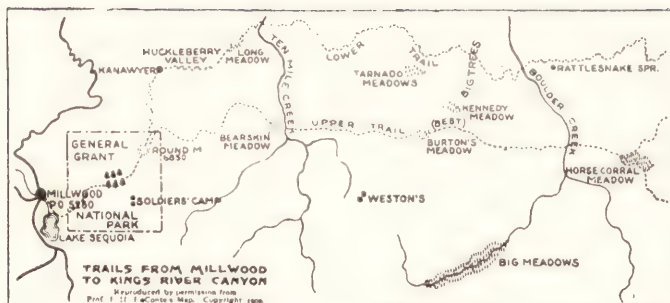
Near the lower end of the Sequoia National Park, at Round Meadow, is Camp Sierra. It is well established and reached directly by stage from Lemon Cove. Located in the very midst of the great trees, Camp Sierra may be a point of departure for many delightful days. Here the party or the individual may be equally at home, and excursions may be made on foot or by the pack and saddle train with a guide. The trails are numerous and easily trodden, and will lend themselves to solitary enjoyment, if one wishes to be alone among these giants of other ages. The tallest tree in the forest is said to measure 340 feet. We measured one fallen tree, which spans beautiful Crescent Meadow, and estimating the length of the top, which was gone, made it 310 feet. We measured the "Gen. Sherman" beside the trail and found it 80 ft. in girth eight feet above the ground. We called attention to the fact that "Roosevelt" was not a very large tree. A colored trooper, who stood by, instantly said: "But the tree is young. It will grow."

The trails are marked by these great fluted columns, alive in every twig and fibre, and the oldest apparently good for some thousands of years yet to come.

Moro Rock, Crescent Meadow, the Sherman Tree, the Marble Fork of the Kaweah, and Sunset Rock are favorite short excursions. A picnic on Moro Rock, with its perpendicular face of 2000 feet, is an easy tramp by a charming trail. From Sunset Rock may be seen the Marble Canyon, the San Joaquin Valley and the Coast Range faintly outlined. In the Marble Fork you will find yourself looking straight down the vertical face of rocks into emerald pools you can not reach with your longest lines. A longer excursion will take you to Alta Meadows, and the feeblest can climb Alta Peak, 11,522 feet. From its summit we enjoyed a splendid panorama of peaks and canyons. Few of the higher peaks offer a wider range of vision. The meadows, with grass and flowers, good water and a group of trees under which to camp, are immediately at the foot of the peak, and you pluck a bouquet of flowers as you go up in August, and on the summit take a hand at snowballing with the zest of other days.

The streams here are the Marble and Middle Forks of the Kaweah River. Both are fine mountain streams, clear, flowing swiftly, with deep pools and small falls—ideal places for trout to lie. Both can be reached from camp on foot, with no difficulty to daunt a fly-fisher.

Other excursions are to Kern Canyon, the trail over Farewell Gap in plain sight from Alta Meadows, and to Kings Canyon and home by Grant National Park, if you like. It is an enchanting region, and from the camp as a base you may spend the summer without a dull day.



Broder and Hopping's Camp has 10x12 tents, with floors, spring cots and comfortable furnishings, a good kitchen and large tent dining room. A clear stream of cold water runs through the camp, and the Big Trees stand all about the grounds. At night a large camp-fire is made under the trees, and seats provided for guests. A good table is set and the place is made as homelike as possible, while having the freedom of out-of-doors. Mail is carried on every stage and the stages land passengers directly in the camp. Picnic and excursion parties are amply provisioned. The guides are competent cooks, and blankets are provided for camping out. Good food, cleanliness and comfort are aimed at. Rates at Camp Sierra are \$2.00 per day, or \$50.00 per month. Improvements will be made each season, and the needs and comforts of guests carefully looked after. Located in the midst of the greatest forest in the world, the grandeur of the trees, the mountains and canyons, the beauty of the meadows, the wild gardens and flowers offer attractions hard to equal.

The carpet of brown pine needles, the sparkling mountain streams, the clear vistas, notable for absence of underbrush, the marvelous climate, the exhilarating atmosphere of these 6000 feet of altitude, make the camps in the greatest wood of the world a summer paradise.

Sleeping out-of-doors is a new pleasure to many, and a pleasant experience to the amateur. One lies drowsing, listening, breathing fragrant, soothing balms and the smell of the spruce pine, while,

"Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream."

KERN RIVER CANYON

In some respects this is the greatest of the mountain canyons. It is full thirty miles in length, and its cliffs are precipitous and many colored. It is separated from Kings River Canyon by what is known as the Kings-Kern Divide, a sharp, narrow, irregular crest as high as the main Sierra, from which it turns at right angles to the west. In it are some of the highest peaks of the range. The route may be left undescribed and subject to choice; you may go from Copper Creek Camp or from Camp Sierra in the Great Forest. Either of the two routes available will have many perpendicular miles and a very surfeit of wild scenery.

Professor Barton W. Everman of the Bureau of Fisheries says: "The great Kern River Canyon, for sublimity as well as beauty of scenery, rivals the Yosemite." The head waters of the river are among the group of stupendous peaks from Table Mountain in the Great Western Divide eastward to Mount Whitney. The stream runs almost exactly due south for more than twenty-eight miles and is described as "a rift valley and erosional trough."

Professor J. S. Hittell, who went from the Giant Forest by way of Mineral King and Farewell Gap, says: "I never before saw such scenery and magnificent mountain landscapes as I witnessed on this trip. They probably equal in rugged beauty anything of the kind in the world."

The floor of the canyon is made up of forest and meadow, and the clear, cold river rushes between walls from 3000 to 6000 feet high. The stream is alive with gamy trout, untroubled save by a few adventurous fishermen. They reach a weight of five pounds and over and are beautifully colored. Here, in what is known as Volcano Creek, is the original home of the golden trout. Professor Everman calls it a "marvelously beautiful trout." Did you ever catch one, and in an ecstasy of enjoyment of its beauty lay it tenderly on the grass to note its brilliant golden glow in the sunshine?

In Upper Kern Lake will also be found gamey trout of large size. They are supposed to live well, as they scorn deceptive lures and will rise only to a real grasshopper.

The lower lake has warmer water, in which one may swim delectably, may paddle among the lily-pads in an old dug-out, or from the divide between the two lakes feast his eyes on pictures which would delight an artist. It is said that William Keith found little to tempt his brush in all the High Sierra country until he came into Kern Canyon. The canyon walls, the dark pine, waving willow and sedgy margin of this blue mountain lake he has interpreted nobly.

At the head of the canyon the river rushes in broad sweeps

over an inclined granite wall, while ten miles below two cascading creeks come in, one from the southerly side of Mt. Whitney, the other from the glaciers under the Kaweah Peaks. Up the latter are found falls, cascades, rock-bound lakes and glacier-polished slopes—all very interesting and impressive.

The walls of the canyon are of incredible height and their polishing tells of ancient glaciers, the canyon floor is beautifully forested, and the river is companionable and rich in pictures which we can but enjoy and must carry away with us as abiding souvenirs.

Mount Whitney may be reached and climbed from Kern Canyon, though the route leads through some rugged country. Whitney was long regarded as the summit of the continent, but later measurements have reduced the height credited to this peak. Clarence King describes Mount Whitney as "springing up and out like the prow of a sharp ocean steamer," and the Sierras here as "a bold wall, crowned by sharp turrets having a tendency to lean out over the eastern gulf." If the right point of attack is chosen, the great peak is easily climbed, and once upon the top the toil upward is gloriously rewarded. Save to the west, where the Great Western Divide closes the prospect, the view is magnificent. We have another and clear impression of the difference between the two sides of the Sierra. On the west a long slope of more than forty miles in a direct line merging in the foothills of the San Joaquin; eastward, lower mountains but no foothills. Below the rim of Whitney a vast precipice, then a leap of ridge and canyon, and sight drops away ten thousand feet to Owens River Valley. Northwest you can see Mount Williamson and beyond Mount Brewer and its great compeers of the Kings River country, and still beyond the great bulk of Mount Goddard.



On Trail to East Lake.

The Way to Kings River Canyon

Kings River Canyon is reached by the Kings River Stage and Transportation Company from Visalia. R. H. Gallagher is manager. The Southern Pacific will drop you at Visalia; you will stop over night at a comfortable hotel, and early next morning will leave on the Kings River stage. The route is interesting and the journey easily made between 6:00 a. m. and 5:30 p. m.

After a night's rest at Millwood Hotel, saddle horses and the pack trains await you, with Copper Creek as the objective point. The route takes you at once into Grant National Park, where stand many fine Sequoias and where lies the famous tree through which you can ride on horseback, emerging at a knot hole. We found a full-sized bed standing across the diameter of this fallen tree and rode past the foot of the bed without difficulty. This tree is much decayed and has evidently been down for centuries. The Park contains 125 great trees, the largest of which is called General Grant. You will note its great size as indicated by the 40-foot board fastened across its front. Above the great cypress-like knees, however, the body of the trunk is symmetrical and measures about ninety feet in circumference.

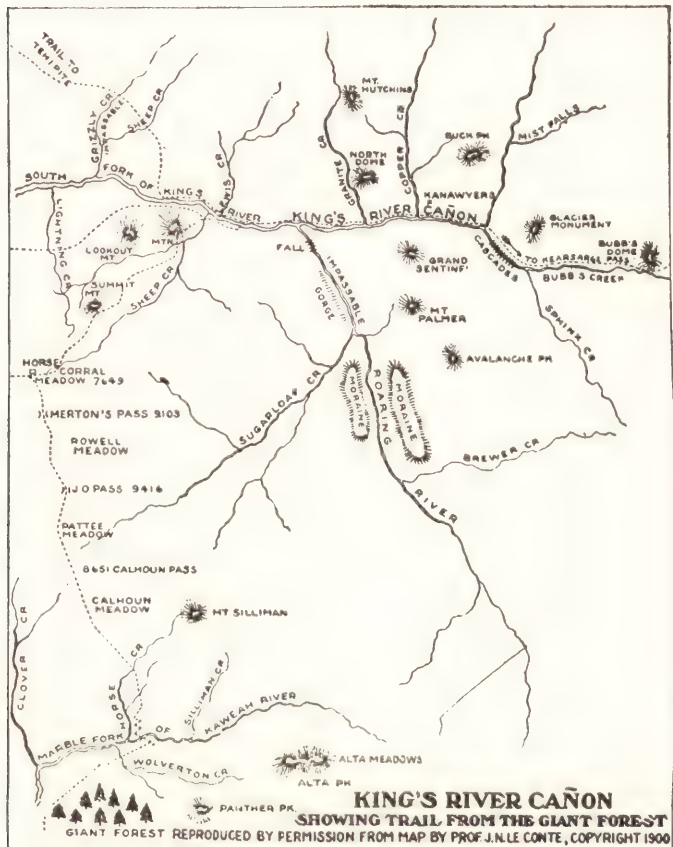
On the trail via Boulder Creek you will find another group of Big Trees and will note one standing dead from base to crown—the only instance known of a Sequoia dying a natural death. They do not die, nor even decay as other trees. Fallen, they waste away for what seems easily a thousand years, and living they are not the prey of insects nor the victims of disease. This tree has plainly starved to death. In the rocky ravine where it stands it found inadequate soil and moisture, and perished, the white trunk and bare limbs looking like a skeleton tree, but standing erect as a soldier saluting and keeping in death a pathetic dignity of its own.

Even fire, the destroyer, finds his power diminished here. Ravaged by flame, fresh shoots, new foliage will soon be springing from what seems a calcined ruin.

The Park is a great, wild garden and at its upper line the devastation of the forest by the millmen who have passed leaving waste and ruin in their trail, marks forcibly the beauties of the reservation, while it calls forth an involuntary thanks for the protection of the area.

The first day by the trail takes you to Horse Corral and by 4:30 p. m. the next day you are in camp at Copper Creek in the heart of the Canyon. The trail can be taken by any good walker, or managed on the back of sure-footed horses by those who are not robust. It is not a rough ride. The scenery is a constant delight, the silent forest full of surprises, and the camp

the first night out under the pines, on the edge of a charming meadow, with sweet, cool water trickling through the grass, will long linger as a pleasant memory. The stars come out and seem, as you lie prone, resting completely on the broad bosom of Mother Earth; hung like fairy tapers in the branches above. The night winds murmur a lullaby, a good digestion waits an appetite appeased and soon comes peaceful oblivion, refreshing sleep. An appropriation was made by the last legislature to build a road to the canyon, which will, when completed, add to the charm of the trip.



Daily Schedule between Visalia and Millwood

Stations Outward Trip	Miles			Single Trip Rate
Lv. Visalia	0	6:00 a. m.	Daily	
Ar. Staffords	18	7:30 a. m.	"	\$1.00
Ar. Aukland	25	10:00 a. m.	"	2.50
Ar. Badger*	35	11:30 a. m.	"	3.50
Ar. Millwood	55	5:00 p. m.	"	5.00

Stations Inward Trip	Miles			Single Trip Rate
Lv. Millwood	0	6:00 a. m.	Daily	\$3.50
Ar. Badger	20	8:00 a. m.	"	2.50
Ar. Aukland	30	9:00 a. m.	"	1.50
Ar. Staffords *	37	1:00 p. m.	"	1.00
Ar. Visalia	55	3:30 p. m.	"	

*Stop for Lunch

The rate from San Francisco to General Grant National Park and return is \$19.40, and from San Francisco to Copper Creek and return is \$26.00.

The uniform rate for meals after leaving Visalia is fifty cents, save where a rate is secured by the week or month or for the trip. Camp rate, including meals, is \$2.00 per day, but lower rates are made for guests remaining for any length of time.

For parties desiring to camp out in the canyon, transportation of persons and camping outfit will be provided from Millwood to Copper Creek and return for \$7.00; a day and a half going, and a day and a half returning. Additional transportation will be provided at the rate of \$2.50 a day, including meals and camp, to any part of the region. The hire of guide will be extra as noted. Special rates will be made for large parties.

It should be noticed that the Grant Forest can be reached from the canyon, and that parties going first to the forest can take the trail also to the canyon; that is to say, you can go in one way and return another.

The Way to the Giant Forest

GIANT FOREST

Is reached by Broder and Hopping's stage line from Lemon Cove Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. A hotel at Lemon Cove provides for the first night and rooms will be reserved upon notice. The mountain road is one of the best in the State, and, hugging

the north hillsides, has much coolness and shade under oaks and maples, the last twelve miles being in the pines. There is no trail riding or packing on the way, the stages going at once into Camp Sierra at Round Meadow over the Government road. Then you are shut in by such a forest as can be seen nowhere else in the world.

Giant Forest Via Exeter and Lemon Cove

Lv. Visalia	6:15 a. m.	10:40 a. m.	4:54 p. m.
Ar. Exeter	6:43 a. m.	10:57 a. m.	5:16 p. m.
Lv. Exeter	6:50 a. m.	11:05 a. m.	5:22 p. m.
Ar. Lemon Cove	7:15 a. m.	11:33 a. m.	5:47 p. m.

The connection for Giant Forest this season is via the Visalia Electric Railroad to Lemon Cove from Exeter. The stage trip has been shortened by about twenty miles, so that now one travels only thirty-nine miles, over a good road, a portion of which was built by government, and is one of the finest mountain roads in the country.

Regular stages leave Lemon Cove three times a week—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6:00 a. m., but await the 7:15 a. m. train when so notified. Special stages also will be run on other days if the number (five people) offers, and notice is duly given in advance. June, July, August and September is the season to visit the forest and mountains.

The trip to Giant Forest is pleasantly diversified—canyon scenery, with striking glimpses now and then of the high peaks in the distance, Alta, Silliman and the Kaweahs. It takes about eleven hours to make the stage trip, and the cost each way from Lemon Cove to the forest is \$6.50, or \$12.00 round trip.

At Sierra Camp, in the midst of the forest, one meets a most cordial hospitality; cots in tents kept scrupulously clean by a tidy housekeeper, and good meals served in a pleasant



Lake Charlotte.

dining-room. Every evening a rousing camp-fire blazes and good cheer and fellowship prevail. Board at camp, \$2.00 a day, \$12.00 a week.

Excellent pack animals and guides may be engaged for the High Sierras, Kings River and Kern Canyons at reasonable rates.

The vacation season at Giant Forest is delightful. If you have anyone wishing to visit this great region, you may assure them they will find their anticipations more than realized.

How to Get to Kern Canyon

This wild region may be reached from Camp Sierra or from Lone Pine on the Nevada side of the range. Adventurous parties may make their way down from the Kings River region past Mount Stanford and among the giant peaks around the head waters of the Kern River, but a well-marked trail adds much to the comfort in the High Sierra. The Hockett Trail from near Lone Pine is well known and will be generally used from Nevada, but from the California side the best route is from the Giant Forest over Farewell Gap via Mineral King. Arrangements can be made from Camp Sierra.

Only Personal Belongings Needed

Part of the comfort of such a trip as we have outlined is that everything is provided. You take but your personal belongings, and on the stage, on the trail, at the camps, everywhere, you are amply and fully furnished.

Food is abundant and well cooked, extra blankets are at hand, horses are gentle, and every want is anticipated. You need only take your satchel as for a railway journey.

The Tehipite sheet of the United States Geological Survey's atlas will be found very valuable and costs but five cents. Professor J. N. Le Conte, of the University of California, has also mapped this region in great detail.

The heart of the Sierra holds nothing more attractive than the great gorge of the Kings River, the Kern River, and the Grand Forest.

For a midsummer outing it offers more beauty of landscape, more variety of rock sculpture, more sublimity of canyon walls and mountain peak and cliff, more fascination of forest and meadow and glacial lake, and more enjoyment for the sportsman in trout pools and streams of almost virgin water, more beauty of the wild and aboriginal than any other section of the great range.

The fine photographs used in illustration of this booklet were taken by Messrs. H. C. Tibbitts and Edward T. Parsons.

Questions will be answered and more specific information given by Agents of the Southern Pacific at Visalia and Sanger, or by the Information Bureau, 884 Market St., San Francisco.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC PUBLICATIONS

The following books descriptive of the different sections of country named, have been prepared with great care from notes and data gathered by local agents with a special eye to fullness and accuracy. They are up-to-date hand-books about five by seven inches in size, profusely illustrated from the best photographs, and from a series invaluable to the tourist, the settler and the investor. They will be sent to any address postage paid, on receipt of four cents each.

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THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY OF CALIFORNIA, 96 pages, 5 x 7 in.

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The following publications, most of which are illustrated, will be sent free of charge, but one cent for each in stamps should be enclosed for postage.

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LAKE TAHOE RESORTS, folder
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